

# Kentucky Irish American.

DEVOTED TO THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT OF ALL IRISH AMERICANS.

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## A PLEA FOR THE FORMING OF FAMILY TREES.

Scarcely any of the younger class of men and women take any but a passing interest in the history of their Irish ancestors.

Genealogy has become a fad with those whose forefathers have for decades been born and raised on this side of the water. Why not our Irish Americans cultivate a love for the same? To many it would prove a great pleasure, to all it would be instructive. Should it be impossible through lack of resources to trace our family line back any farther than three or four generations, let us at least do that much, keeping a written record of the names of great grandparents, grandfathers, father and mother, whence they originally came and where settled after marrying. In years to come our children will know something of us and of our dear ones whom we have known and have laid away but whom they have never seen.

There is generally ample room in the modern family Bible for all such history to be written. Let us have pride enough to trace back our particular house and its different ramifications whilst many of the older members yet remain. What a tragic, grand and pure story will be unfolded before our ken? Patriotism, poetry,

from the deeds of our sires! Then why let these deeds be unknown, and why regard these treasures as jewels too remote to claim? Near akin to many of us yet living were the historic men of '98. Write down and guard well each name, fact and date, so that a correct genealogical tree will be the result.

It is indeed time that we form the acquaintance of our forefathers and realize something of their native land. Bards have sung its praises, tourists describe its glories, and in the hearts of its patient children is echoed all that can be said of its beauty. If so much for the soil, how much more for its sons and daughters?

## ANCESTRY OF AMERICAN HEROES.

The following very interesting communication was recently published in Leslie's Weekly. It was written by Mr. George M. Hall, of Cork, Ireland, and we believe its publication in these columns will be appreciated by our readers:

"I get your paper regularly and have been much interested in your series of articles dealing with the Anglo-American projected alliance. But in your issue of the 16th instant, dealing with the ancestry of your present gallant commanders, I can not altogether agree with the deductions you arrive at as to their Anglo-Saxon descent. Sir, as Admiral Dewey (are there Deweys in Kent?), Dewey is from the pure Celtic O'Duhig (Anglice—Duhig, or Dewey), like Chauncey from O'Shaughnessy. You also say Sampson is Anglo-Saxon; well, sir, one may perhaps not deny the immediate progenitors, but is he not rather of Jewish extraction? Let us hope, like his great ancestor of Bible fame, he is equal to strangling a lion (or twisting his tail should necessity arise), and if he has no gates of Gaza to carry off one can only admire the equanimity with which he bears the load of responsibility placed

on his shoulders. As to 'Fighting Bob' Evans, good heavens, sir! Evans is pure Cymro-Celtic, and savors of the leek and cheese in its very sound. As to the great Lees, you say they are pure English, but indeed I think we could claim the Lees, too. A friend of mine of that name, who lives on the banks of the river Lee, can trace his ancestry back for 600 years, before the Norman (mark you), with the Saxon in his train as serf and scullion, set foot as far south as this. The gallant Bagley, too (rest his soul), is simply Celtic Begley. Sir, I have not space to consider your further names, but I have mind to consider your patience, and before closing venture to say that I am of Saxon descent, but have become 'more Irish than the Irish themselves,' and would fain break a lance for Ireland and Irishmen when I can."

## TALENTED POETESS.

The talented editress of the Times' Tattler column, Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most promising of American poets. Her "Three Loves," which recently appeared in the Times, is a perfect gem. Indeed, many of her recent productions would do credit to any writer in the country. There is a depth of feeling, wealth of pathos and exquisiteness of finish in the "Three Loves" which have rarely been surpassed by any modern writer.

## OPENINGS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

Learn Spanish, young man. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines will soon be opened to American enterprise, and there will be great opportunities for youths of energy, ability and character to get ahead. Indeed, all Spanish America is a land scarcely touched as yet, says the editor of the New York Journal.

The money-making possibilities of Cuba alone are far greater than those offered by the Klondike. There will be chances there for the best kind of men, men who are willing to build up fortunes by steady work and the application of intelligence. Plantations that under proper management will produce enormous fortunes will be open to purchase cheap, and there will be a demand for the services of overseers, engineers, clerks and all kinds of subordinates with educated brains.

Cuba is a marvellously rich country. Under a free government property will be safe and public order secure. The Cubans will welcome American capital and American immigration of the healthy kind.

The young man who goes to Cuba with a knowledge of the language, good habits, a determination to get on, a willingness to work and equipped by training for business will land on his feet.

Recently Lord Cadogan paid one of his flying visits to London, though the Castle was full of guests, says Truth. Lord Cadogan goes through changes of character so rapid that they must puzzle even himself. He leaves Kingstown a Viceroy, with all the privileges and precedence of the position. At a point in the channel, however, a certain number of miles from shore, his privileges and precedence vanish; without even a change

of costume he lapses into a plain English nobleman and Cabinet Minister. At this point, too, no doubt, his mind, till then neutral and loftily free of party feeling, assumes the Conservative tinge suitable for the Council, the attendance at which is the object of his journey. No wonder all Ireland wants home rule.

Lord Arron, who received the ribbon of St. Patrick, vacant owing to the death of Lord Carlingford, is better known in England than in Ireland, though of late he has lived a good deal at his picturesque residence near Foxford, where Lady Arron has been active in promoting home industries. Lord Arron is head of the family of Gore, one of whose members, the Duchess of Inverness, was the wife of the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex. One of his daughters is married to Lord Salisbury's eldest son. Lady Arron was well known in Dublin society, and as a debutante was one of the beauties at Dublin Castle. Her father, Mr. John Reilly, was an official at the Four Courts, and married the daughter of the Chancellor, Lord St. Leonards.

After fighting the lottery grants in the courts for twenty-five years past the highest courts in the land have decided that it is a felony to conduct lotteries. The character of the lottery is no longer in dispute; its legal status has been defined beyond dispute, and the local papers call upon the police to break up such business, a new lottery institution having recently been run down in the historic old town of Clarksville, Ind., with a number of industrious agents operating in Louisville. An effort will be made to stop this kind of gambling.

The Spanish floating debt has increased 78,189,500 pesetas during the past financial year.

[COMMUNICATED.]

## DISRESPECT SHOWN WORKING GIRLS.

"O, see you not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorn and briar?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Though after it but few inquire."  
—[Constance Cottrell, in Sketch.

We often hear that young women employed in our large stores have much to contend with in the shape of undue familiarity, rude speeches and too often grossly insulting remarks made to them by their fellow-employees. This state of things is connived at by many proprietors, so that the evil, instead of being crushed, is encouraged by these bloated money-bags, who bear the semblance but not the hearts of men. We are shocked and pained when a story of this kind reaches us, but "what is every man's business is no man's in particular," and consequently no steps are taken to punish the offender and the evil goes on unchecked.

It is a cruel fate that compels a poor girl to stand or remain all day in a store, clad in tightly-fitting garments and wearing heel shoes, with no chance of enjoying even a slight rest in the afternoon. Add to this discomfort small wages and the likelihood of rude or vulgar treatment, and we can not but wonder that there are not universal uprisings among working girls and demand for better treatment. That they are patient, too patient, is the reason. The instant that any unduly familiar remark or even look is given a young woman in any store or office, she should take note of it and inform the proprietor as soon as possible. If he does not reprimand the insipid, empty dawdle, or even kick him out altogether, let a respectable public punish such a proprietor by withdrawing its patronage. When, alas, it comes to light that money-bags is himself the offender, quick as

lightning from the clouds let his name be known. To delay is folly. Speeding toward a maelstrom only mildly expresses the danger.

That they are such proprietors working girls only too well know. Why not let us all know? Because they are afraid of losing their employment, and with that their poor little salary! Great God! must our innocent ones learn evil to earn bread? Must their souls be polluted because of their poverty? The remedy can be applied when these fiends are known. Let them be treated as putrid cancers, cleansed of their poison, or else cut away altogether.

## KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

The second number of the Kentucky Irish American, published by Irish American William M. Higgins, found its way to our sanctum. It is a bright and interesting publication, full of juicy meat, just such a paper as should meet with solid support from the hands of the people in whose interest it labors. In typographical appearance it is neat and clean, while the editorials, locals, personals and general miscellany are prepared with an eye to accuracy in the construction of them. We wish the Irish American success.—New Era.

## SMALL SHOTS.

From the Dublin Independent.

The poor Spaniards are beaten to their paws. The war has now gone far enough.

When war was declared we wrote that whenever the Americans would meet the Dons they would beat them hollow, no matter whether it was on the sea or on land, in war balloons or in mines.

And so it has come to pass. The Spaniard didn't look in. His war vessels had poor armament, his gunners had no practice, his ammunition was so-so, his harbors were unmined, and his forts were band-boxes for modern artillery to blow into splinters.

The deceptive tactics of the Spanish Admiral were right at first, but ended in a trumpety attempt to aid a town that could be abandoned without disaster and a final heroic but headless dash against abnormal odds. Cervera in Santiago harbor was like Bazaine in Metz—no use. When he found his position to be hopeless he should have made for the west, and at night time. He might have made some show then, but in broad daylight he was simply putting his ships up for three shies a penny for Yankee gunners who could blow him out of the water at a range of 6,000 yards.

The fighting around Santiago was of a desperate character. The American troops felt their superiority, and fought as if they knew they would win. The Spaniards, who were badly handled, fought with the energy of despair. Their Generals died at their head, but it would have been more to the purpose if they had disciplined their troops and then commanded them from the rear. These Spaniards walked gallantly to their death to show to the world they are no cowards, but if half the time they spent in smoking cigarettes and flirting with Cuban belles was devoted to digging rifle pits and trenches, and dragging guns into position they might now be writing home letters of encouragement to their sweethearts in Madrid.

When news was brought to the American front that Cervera's fleet had been made little pieces of the Yankee brass band struck up "There'll be a hot time in our town tonight." The time and place, for there were thousands of dead and wounded about, was scarcely appropriate for the sentiment; yet this element of grim humor is part and parcel of the composite Yankee fighting man, and helps to endow him with a distinctive individuality. The lesson of this war proves beyond the smallest shadow of a doubt that one of the best soldiers on the face of the earth is the canvas-backed boy who today marches under

the Stars and Stripes—"Old Glory," as they love to call it.

The comical element in the situation, but like all humor having its strain and pathos, is the situation in Madrid. How the bulletins are faked up for the popular taste, spiced with news of victories, and garnished with American reverses, in order to give the Government time to cope with the revolution that will follow fast on the heels of the truth. Although Cervera's ill-fated squadron is old iron just now, the wrecks of his vessels studding the coast of Cuba, the populace of Madrid is in the wildest state of joy and enthusiasm over his gallant rush through the enemy's fleet. When they learn the truth there will be another "hot old time in our town tonight." The Queen meantime has sent her jewels and other portable belongings to Vienna, and is making what preparations she can against the inevitable rainy day.

This attempt to humbug a nation with bogus bulletins is a false move. When the people learn the truth their temper will be ungovernable, and their dislike to the Ministers—this is mildly put—and their hatred of the Monarchy will be intensified by the trick that has been played upon them. Napoleon, who was a trifle superior in abilities and tactics to these Madrid muddlers, never made these bogus bulletins pay. They overwhelmed him with ridicule and lost him prestige. The hot-headed Madrid mob rushed the Queen and the Ministry into war, and now they will turn and tear them to pieces. Again this is exactly as we have said it would be.

## CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Dennis Murphy, assistant at St. John's, has gone to Owensboro on a short vacation. Father McLaughlin is taking his place.

St. George's church, at Eighteenth and Magnolia, will have their first outing at Fern Grove Monday. This is a recently established church, but the congregation is prospering wonderfully under the Rev. George Weiss.

It is rumored that the Rev. Louis G. Deppen, pastor of St. Mary Magdalene's, has offered his resignation to the Bishop and it has been accepted. It has long been Father Deppen's cherished ambition to work among Indians or uncivilized peoples, and he wishes now to put that project into execution.

The annual excursion and outing of St. Patrick's congregation occurred Monday. There was probably the largest crowd of the season at Fern Grove, and all the ladies and gentlemen comprising the various committees labored assiduously to make the occasion a pleasant one for their friends. While the rain interfered with the out-door amusements somewhat in the afternoon, there were none who did not enjoy themselves.

St. John's congregation will have its all day outing this year at Fern Grove, August 18. These affairs are usually held in May, principally for the recreation of the school children. But this year it is intended to be a money-making affair, the congregation having spent considerable in remodeling the pastor's residence. Refreshments will be served and a good time is promised. The ride on the boat will be particularly delightful and all will return to the city by dark.

The Princess of Wales is ever active in charitable work, but her opening a bazar for a Catholic orphanage last month was the first time she ever officiated in behalf of Catholic charity. The bazar was held at the Imperial Institute to aid the Norwood Orphanage for girls, which institution is under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. On account of the high standing of this patroness, the bazar was a success in every way, and a considerable sum was realized to be used in the work of caring for young girls.

The feast of St. Ann, the mother of the Virgin mother, was celebrated last Tuesday at the Cathedral by the Children of St. Ann, a society composed of little girls under 12 years of age. A novena in the Saint's honor was made and ended on the feast day.

These little girls, in their white dresses and blue sashes, made a charming picture in the church, as they were grouped there to honor Mary's mother. This parish has two societies for the smaller children—the Knights of St. Joseph for the boys and the Children of St. Ann for the girls. The youngsters take great delight in being members of these organizations and it instills in them the practice of piety which is never entirely forgotten.

The Catholic Summer School or Champlain Assemblage, which opened at Cliff Haven, N. Y., last week, far exceeded expectation for attendance. The first week has usually a comparatively small crowd, but this year has been a record breaker. All the cottages were filled and the attendance at the lectures unprecedented. Some of the most brilliant professors and orators in the county are there, and will deliver their lectures during the six weeks the school is open.

The pretty little church of the Holy Name, at the corner of Fourth and O streets, always has a much larger attendance during the summer than during the winter months. The reason for this is a great many families have summer residences out the boulevard and on toward Iroquois Park, and it is an accommodation for wheelmen and women who take an early morning spin. The congregation was much larger before the establishment of St. Helen's church, out near the Seventh-street road.

A novena in honor of St. Dominic was commenced at the Dominican church on last Thursday. This feast, which is always celebrated on the Sunday succeeding the day on which it falls, will be solemnly observed at the church of St. Louis Bertrand on August 7. In accordance with a time-honored custom a Franciscan father will deliver the sermon, these two orders reciprocating on the feast days of St. Francis and St. Dominic. The music will be of a high order under the direction of Prof. Charles Weiss.

The Right Rev. Louis Francois Lafleche, for many years Bishop of Three Rivers, Quebec, died a few days ago, in his eightieth year. He was the oldest Bishop in Canada. He was born in St. Anna de la Perade in 1819, and was educated at Nicolet College. His first mission was in the Red river region. Later he was appointed a Professor in Nicolet College, his old Alma Mater, then Vicar General of the Three Rivers, afterward Coadjutor Bishop, and in 1870 he was consecrated Bishop of the diocese, in which office he died.

The corner-stone of the new Catholic church of Chrisney, Ind., will be laid with appropriate ceremonies Sunday, August 7. The usual Sunday morning services will be held in the open air at the church foundation at 10 o'clock and the corner stone will be laid at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Catholic Knights from Evansville, Jasper, Ferdinand, Rockport, Tell City and other places and a large number of visitors are expected. A big dinner will be served on the fair grounds, and every effort will be made to hospitably entertain all visitors on that day. Several brass bands will be present to assist in carrying out the programme of the day.

## IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Women exceed men in numbers. All the women smoke large cigars. The natives bathe three times a day.

All the inhabitants fall asleep at mid-day.

Knives and forks are unknown in the island.

Freedom of speech is absolutely prohibited.

A fashionable delicacy for the menu is the grasshopper.

The poorer classes robe themselves in one yard of cloth.

The common laborer receives as much as ten cents a day.

The chief occupation of some of the savage natives is murder.

The streets of the capital city are under water much of the time.

The land is fertile, but the natives are too indolent and ignorant to cultivate it.